

TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court.
W. J. Hanson, Judge; T. E. George, Clerk. Terms of court—3rd Monday in February, and 4th Monday in May, August and November.

Officers.
T. C. Bowen, Com'th. Atty. S. S. F. Harnan, Sheriff. S. F. Peery, Deputy Sheriff. Wm. Bandy, Treasurer. H. P. Brittain, County Treasurer. H. G. McCall, County Supt. Schools. J. H. Williams, County Supt. Schools. Address, Snaps, Va.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor every Friday at 7 p. m. R. E. Simore, pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. "Little Workers" Juvenile Missionary every second Sunday 3 p. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m., second and fourth Sundays 8 p. m., fifth Sundays 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

NORTH TAZEWELL CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Prayer meeting every Friday 7 p. m. T. I. Eskridge, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching second, third and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Praying fifth Sunday at 11 a. m. Praying meeting every Wednesday evening 7 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN, BURKE'S GARDEN.—Preaching on first Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. S. O. Hall, pastor.

TAZEWELL PREACHERS COUNCIL. Every Monday at 2 p. m.

SECRET ORDERS.

CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20 KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.
Meets first Monday in each month. JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Gen. Acting E. C. W. G. Young, Recorder.

O'KEEFE'S ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 26.
Meets second Monday in each month. C. W. JONES, H. P. W. G. Young, Secretary.

TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.
Meets the 3rd Monday in each month. R. A. CROOKETT, S. W. Acting W. M. JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Sec'y.

S. D. MAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practices in all the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville. J. W. Chapman, A. P. Gillespie.

CULTON & COULLEN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. J. T. Culton, W. S. M. Coulten, J. T. Culton, Wytheville, Va. S. M. S. Coulten, Tazewell, Va.

GREYER & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS. Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Office—Gillespie building. J. Edgar Greyer, James Gillespie.

EDW. W. ST. CLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office—State building.

H. C. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Collecting a specialty.

BOWEN & ROYAL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties, and the Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Collections given special attention. Office near Courthouse.

W. S. SPRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell and adjoining counties. Prompt attention paid to the collection of claims.

J. H. STUART, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Land titles in McDowell and Logan counties, West Virginia, a specialty. Office—State building.

JENNEY & GRAHAM, LAWYERS. Tazewell, Va. Office in building near Court House. R. R. Henry, S. C. Graham.

A. S. HIGGINBOTHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Tazewell, Va. Office on stairs in Law Building. Practices in Courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties, and in Court of Appeals of Virginia.

C. T. PATTON
Blacksmith and
General Repairer
TAZEWELL, VIRGINIA

I am prepared to execute, at short notice and on reasonable terms, all classes of iron work—horse shoeing, all kinds of repairing, etc.

There is also connected with my establishment a Wood-Working Department, under the control of J. B. Crawford where he is prepared to do everything pertaining to that branch.

Job Work. . .

The REPUBLICAN Job Office

Is complete in all kinds of work done neatly and promptly

LETTER HEADS
NOTE HEADS
ENVELOPES
BILL HEADS
STATEMENTS
CARDS
PAMPHLETS
AND SPECIAL JOBS.

Our prices will be as low as those of any first-class office.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

8 Cents

Eight cents a pound is what a young woman paid for twelve pounds of flesh.

She was thin and weak and paid one dollar for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, and by taking regular doses had gained twelve pounds in weight before the bottle was finished.

Eight cents a pound is cheap for such valuable material. Some pay more, some less, some get nothing for their money. You get your money's worth when you buy Scott's Emulsion.

We will send you a little free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS,
409 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

THE KEY.

What hides behind the fleeting cloud?
What whispers in the evening breeze?
Answer to all life's questionings
Is found when I find these.

The gray rock rests in stolid calm;
The tide rushes and flows.
The lakelet shimmers in the dawn,
The shadow comes, and goes.

The babe looks up in sweet surprise;
Childhood scatters its joyous songs;
The love-light leaps in the maiden's eyes;
The woman strives to right a wrong.

The hero dies to save a race;
The saint answers the voice: "Tough!"
The painter paints a martyr's smile;
The poet is thrilled with mystic thought.

Fair are nature, and art, and life,
Mighty the hero and martyr's strife,
Love and duty with good are rife.

But these, not these, can satisfy
The questioning soul that asks why:
These are but echoes of the song
That bears the poem of life along.

The answer to all things that are,
From fleck of foam to radiant star,
From sentient soul to senseless clod,
Is found alike, when man finds God.

His smile behind the smiling shy,
His sigh within the martyr's cry,
His still voice answering "Yes" aloud,
No longer stifled by life's cloud,
No longer veiled in mystery,
To him who seeks his God in life's humility,
—Harriette Robinson Shattuck, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

DENNY

By LANDIS MILLS

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THE incident was told to me years back, when I was second assistant engineer with the Golden Crown Mining company, at Red Dog. At the time it raised by several notches, in my opinion, those rough miners with whom I was so constantly associated; and in later years I have often recalled it when the course of events has brought me face to face with the hypocrisy of a large city.

It was told me the eve before St. Patrick's day, for I remember having started for a ball given by the Irish element. The night was clear and cold, but the wind was so sharp that it was a traveler's rest for a warming glass of stimulant. I pushed open the door—the old bullet-scarred door, with its heavy hinges—and entered the bar-room. The usual crowd was not in evidence, and of the five occupants, four were in the act of taking their departure. They carried their shovels with them and as they passed me and went out by the windy street they wished me a good evening. The door closed behind them, and I was left alone with Parson Sam.

I walked to the big stove, and while warming my hands asked if the boys were going to work that night.

Sam pulled at his pipe, and replied: "No."

I remarked the fact that they had their shovels with them, and asked for what use they were intended. Sam took the pipe from his mouth, expectorated in the direction of the base of the bar, and replied: "Goin' to give Denny an airin'."

"And what is the matter with Denny, and where is he?" I asked.

"Nothin' at present," he replied; "he's in the cemetery on the hill."

"Dead?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"And who was Denny?"

A look of surprise came over his face as he asked: "You haven't heard of Denny, Mr. Hopkins?" and then, after a moment's pause, he added: "Well, maybe that ain't so strange, after all. You've only been in Red Dog some six or eight months, and Denny died just five years ago, comin' to-morrow."

"And why do they remember him so well now?" I asked.

Sam removed his arm from the back of his chair, rested his elbow on his knees, and, gazing through the open door of the stove at the flickering flames, told me the story of Denny.

"You see, Denny was sorter mild like, awfully gentle and quiet spoken, you know, so the boys didn't pay much attention to him, 'cept when they were in bad humor, and wanted some one to take it out on. He took it all in a quiet, good-natured sort of way, never thinkin' of his'n back, so we all thought he didn't have no end. At least that's what we thought until that St. Patrick's day about which I'm tellin' you."

"There was a good deal of drinkin' goin' on the night before, and four patriotic Irishmen kept it up until they were regular blind. They were a sorry lot when they showed up for work the next day, and the boss gave them a regular rakin' down."

"That mornin' was the first time I ever saw Denny show any temper. He was clear through at the thought of workin' on St. Patrick's day, and refused to take his pick out of the tool shed. When the boss comes up to him, and asks what's the matter, Denny just points to the green ribbon pinned on the front of his shirt, and says: 'It's St. Patrick's day, and I don't work.'"

"Any other man would have been given his walkin' papers as quick as shootin' but somehow or other, the boss always made an allowance for Denny."

"But we can't stop work, Denny," he says.

"Denny stood sort of stubborn-like, and replied: 'Well, you oughter have some sort of celebration, or, at least, run up a green flag over the office.'"

"The boss was for humorin' to him, and says: 'And we are goin' to celebrate. At ten o'clock we are goin' to fire off a blast, in honor of old St. Pat, that will blow all the snakes out of Ireland.'"

"At ten?" says Denny.

"Yes, at ten," replies the boss.

"That sort of satisfied him. Without another word he grabbed his pick and went after the boys, and the engineer came in, and placed the dynamite cartridge and the machine for settin' it off."

"We all got at a safe distance, and stood there awaitin' the explosion. Denny was almost beside himself with delight, and, steppin' out a little distance in advance, he called out for his pal, Jim, to join him and see the snakes comin' wriggin' out of the shaft. But Jim didn't answer, for he wasn't there."

"The engineer, who was a-holdin' his watch, seein' that things went off on time, turned round when he heard this, and got awful white. It didn't take no time for us to find we were four shy, and then four the ones that had been so drunk the night before. Not a man spoke, 'cept the engineer, and he said: 'My God! We all knew them fellers were still in the mine.'"

"Then it was that Denny made the 60 of us out to be cowards, and him a hero. Without a word, he ducked his head 'tween his shoulders and set off for the shaft as fast as his legs could carry him, the green ribbon a-flutterin' over his shoulder."

"One or two of us made a move as if to follow him, but the engineer threw out his arm to stop us, and his voice sounded mighty strange when he yelled: 'It's death—40 seconds.'"

"We all knew then that the cartridge would go off in 40 seconds, and that we had seen the last of Denny. It sort of paralyzed the boys, and they just stood round like so many statues. That hearin' of his was a-foolin' him, but the engineer threw out his arm to stop us, and his voice sounded mighty strange when he yelled: 'It's death—40 seconds.'"

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"Forty seconds ain't much, Mr. Hopkins, but it seemed like a year to me. I was just beginnin' to think that

maybe Denny had got there in time, after all, when the engineer let go his watch, and sort of slipped down prayin' like. The time was up, and the cartridge exploded."

"They say that drunken men has luck, and I reckon it's so, for them four drunken Irishmen weren't hurt at all. They were lyin' flat in the side tunnel when the cartridge went off, and aside from bein' nearly smothered, got off without a scratch. But it wasn't that way with Denny. He must have been right by the machine when the explosion took place, for he was all sort of caved in, and his green ribbon was as black as a piece of coal."

"Men had been killed in the mines afore, but never like this, and for the first time there was a complete shut-down—all in the honor of Denny. He had the biggest funeral that ever took place in Red Dog."

"We all felt as though we should like to do somethin' for him, for, you see, we hadn't tried him just 'right when he was with us; but we didn't know just what to do, until the engineer proposed that we plant grass on his grave. There wasn't no grass in the graveyard, you know, and we thought it would please him to have somethin' green growin' over him. You see, it was green he was a-wearin' when he died tryin' to save the boys."

"So we had the engineer send to Chicago for the best grass seed that could be had, and when spring arrived we hauled dirt from the valley, and planted it."

"Ever since then, on the night before St. Patrick's day, a committee—one man from each workin' gang—goes up and shovels away the snow, and makes things ship-shape. So when the sun comes a-peepin' and a-smilin' over Balden's ridge, a-lightnin' up St. Patrick's day, there'll be a little spot of green in that big white wilderness, and the ribbons will be a-flutterin' from the stakes as mark out Denny's claim."

"That's what the boys be a-doin' now."

Worms Make Silk in Colors.

Successful experiments in feeding silk worms on various colored substances so as to produce colored silk is reported to the state department by John C. Covert, consul at Lyons, France. By this coloring of the food the necessity of dyeing the silk in the thread or piece is said to be obviated.

Just Resentment.

For erecting in the facade of a girl's school at Wilmsdorf, Germany, a figure of a goose and a duck, an architect was mobbed by the pupils. The architect said the figures represented the besetting weaknesses of the feminine character—goose and vanity.

Four Ages of a Woman.

A woman is glad to be 20, ashamed to be 40, sorry to be 60 and proud to be 80.

To Run-down People:--

Many people think they have some organic trouble or chronic disease because they feel weak, all tired out, cannot sleep, have no ambition, energy or appetite. This condition is probably caused by overwork, close confinement or worry. To these people we say, try Vinol; if it does not create strength and build you up we will ourselves pay for all the medicine you take.—Respectfully,

JOHN E. JACKSON

THROUGH PULLMAN SERVICE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR VIA NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILWAY

Trains 3 and 4 carry Parlor Car, Norfolk and Roanoke; Pullman Sleeper, Roanoke and St. Louis (Buffet to Columbus) and Dining Car, Columbus to St. Louis. Trains 15 and 16, Pullman Sleeper, Norfolk and St. Louis; Cafe Dining Cars, Roanoke and Portsmouth and Richmond, Ind. and St. Louis.

GOING		SCHEDULE		RETURNING	
No.	Time	No.	Time	No.	Time
15	3	16	4	15	3
7 40	8 00	Lv.	Norfolk, Va.	N. & W. Ry.	Ar.
8 22	8 38	Lv.	Suffolk,	"	Ar.
10 05	10 10	Lv.	Petersburg,	"	Ar.
9 30	9 05	Lv.	Richmond,	A. C. Line	Ar.
10 20	10 25	Lv.	Petersburg,	N. & W.	Ar.
12 05	12 08	Lv.	Burkeville,	"	Ar.
12 36	12 38	Lv.	Farmville,	"	Ar.
2 20	2 30	Lv.	Lynchburg,	"	Ar.
3 10	3 20	Lv.	Bedford,	"	Ar.
4 15	4 25	Lv.	Roanoke,	"	Ar.
5 25	5 30	Lv.	Christiansburg,	"	Ar.
6 00	6 05	Lv.	East Bedford,	"	Ar.
8 55	8 35	Lv.	Bluefield, W. Va.,	Annex Train	Ar.
1 40	12 05	Lv.	William's,	"	Ar.
6 50	3 55	Lv.	Kenova,	"	Ar.
7 20	4 20	Lv.	Ironton, Ohio	"	Ar.
9 01	5 20	Lv.	Portsmouth,	"	Ar.
9 39	7 22	Lv.	Chillicothe O	"	Ar.
10 35	8 30	Lv.	Circleville O	"	Ar.
1 59	10 05	Lv.	Columbus, O	"	Ar.
4 55	1 20	Lv.	Columbus, O	Penn. Lines	Ar.
6 50	3 15	Lv.	Richmond, Ind	"	Ar.
7 00	3 25	Lv.	Indianapolis	"	Ar.
9 00	5 06	Lv.	Terre Haute	"	Ar.
1 34	9 40	Lv.	St. Louis, Mo.	"	Ar.

Passengers from Bristol and intermediate points, connect with Train 12 at East Radford; from Shenandoah Valley, at Roanoke; from Durham Division, at Lynchburg; from Winston-Salem, at Roanoke; from Clinch Valley Division, at Bluefield.

Season excursion tickets. Sixty and fifteen-day tickets, are on sale daily via Columbus or Cincinnati, Ohio. Coach excursion tickets are sold on each Tuesday and Thursday in July. Additional information and rates from nearest agents, or W. B. BEVILL, Gen. Pass. Agent. F. BRAGG, Trav. Pass. Agent. Roanoke, Virginia.

HORSE AND MULE EXCHANGE

We want the public to know that we are in the business of buying and selling Saddle and Draft HORSES AND MULES. Our Stables are at Tazewell.

We have handled over 200 head of Mules and Horses this year, 153 of which we bought in the St. Louis market.

LEWIS, BUCHANAN & CO.,
Phone 28. Tazewell, Va.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. E. H. Linn
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. Cures Grip in Two Days. on every box 25c.

COMING BACK TO THE SCENE OF FORMER TRIUMPHS.

Walter L. Main

WORLD'S EXPOSITION, 3-RING CIRCUS, GREATEST MENAGERIE, RACING CARNIVAL . . .

"No Circus that ever visited this city can equal that of Walter L. Main."—Cleveland World, Cleveland, O., May 10, 1904.



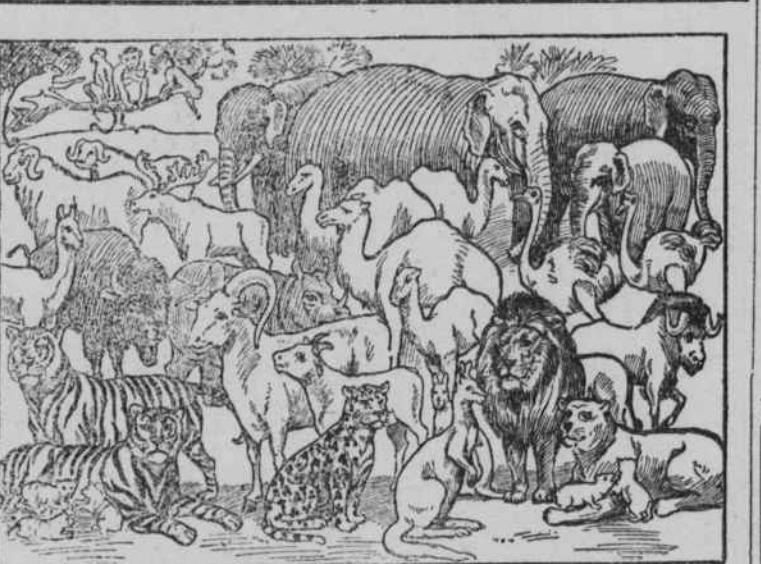
TAZEWELL, MONDAY, OCTOBER 10

No show that ever toured Virginia came here better recommended for magnitude and merit than does the Main Show.

The name has become a household one and its reputation an enviable one.

Presents more new Acts, Features, Animals than all other shows combined.

Nearly a half hundred Funny Clowns.
Finest stable of Horses ever assembled.



NO OTHER SHOW IN THE COUNTRY HAS UNDER CONTRACT SUCH HIGH SALARIED ARTISTS.

Bessie Diavolo, daring, death defying danger, in the thrilling "to ip the loop."

Davenport and Lowanda, only bareback equestrians, throwing somersaults from horse to horse following.

Cute Nursing Camels, adopted and christened by Mystic Shrines of all Koran and Damascus Temples.

Prof. John Gill's unequalled band of 40 German soloists.

The Challenge Herd of Artillery Elephants, papyrus, that engage in battle like veteran soldiers, using Gatling Guns.

"Dainty Dewdrop," smallest specimen of man extant, 33 years of age.

Cute, Cunning, Bare Back Riding Pony, only one ever educated in this act.

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RARE COINS ALL CORNERED

It Is Only the Burglars That Keep Any of Them in Circulation.

The passion for making collections of articles of various kinds, and particularly stamps and coins, is like hope. It springs eternal in the human breast says the New York Sun.

"You would be surprised," said a professional collector of coins and stamps, "to know how many utterly worthless specimens are brought to me by persons who perhaps have treasured them for long and then, needing money, have come to me expecting to be handsomely paid for an article that really has no commercial value whatever. Sometimes indeed, I have paid good prices for worthless articles of no use to me at all to save their owners from the disappointment which I could plainly see a refusal would cause them."

"Why, I handle on an average pretty nearly 500 specimens a day, both of stamps and coins, brought in here by people who expect them to be literally worth their weight in gold. Yet in spite of the great number of specimens coming into my hands in this way every year it's only about once in three years that I find anything of real value."

"You see, it's just this way. Hardly any good rare coins or stamps are circulating at large. Almost everything has been picked up by collectors; and if you follow up any rare issue, you can place almost every one—either find the owner or account for the issue."

"And you will be surprised, perhaps when I tell you that we are indebted to burglars for